

# American League Directors May Impeach and Oust Johnson—Indians Smother Yankees, 15-9

## "Czar" Called for Trial; New President Likely

**Ruppert, Frazee and Comiskey Have Power to Remove Johnson From Throne; Big Ban Gets Respite of Week in Mays Injunction Proceedings**

By W. O. McGeehan  
Developments in the American League war yesterday seemed to indicate that Byron Bancroft Johnson, president, secretary, treasurer and director of the league, will be hunting himself a new job presently. In response to the invitation of Colonel Jacob Ruppert, president of the New York club, Harry H. Frazee and Charles Comiskey met the Yankee owner at the Biltmore yesterday. These three, who constitute a quorum and a majority of the board of directors, called a meeting for Thursday, at which time Czar Ban practically will be placed on trial.

## Directors Call Special Meeting To Try Johnson

New York, Monday, Aug. 11, 1919.  
"Urgent necessity requiring a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs, the undersigned, being a majority of the board of directors of the said league, hereby call a special meeting of such board of directors, to be held on Thursday, August 14, 1919, at 11 o'clock a. m., at room 151, Biltmore Hotel, New York City.

This meeting is called pursuant to Section 16 and the other sections of the constitution of said league, for the purpose of considering and taking action in the matter of the alleged actions of the president of the league in purporting to suspend player Carl W. Mays, and for the purpose of considering and taking action in the matter of the alleged actions of the president of the league in purporting to suspend player Carl W. Mays, and for the purpose of considering and taking action in the matter of the alleged actions of the president of the league in purporting to suspend player Carl W. Mays.

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to vote him a salary of \$25,000 a year. The committee in charge of the tournament open to amateur players of the Greater City worked harder than the players who were trying to qualify for the Herald Cup over the Van Cortlandt Park public links yesterday.

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## Weird Playing By Dodgers in 4th Costs Game

**Pirates Take Advantage of Lapses and Score Their Runs for 5 to 2 Victory**

By Ray McCarthy  
The Dodgers virtually handed a game to the Pittsburgh Pirates yesterday at Charles H. Ebbets' ball yard. The whole inner works of the local defence went to pieces in the fourth inning, enabling the Pirate crew to score all their runs. The final tally was 5 to 2.

Had the Dodgers not suffered this lapse there is no telling how the struggle would have ended. In every other inning Sherrod Smith pitched fully as well as Frank "Bullet" Miller, who twirled efficiently throughout, and the Dodgers looked as good as their opponents. But in the fatal fourth the Ebbets employees looked like anything but a big league nine.

It may have been a case of naughty boys taking advantage of their master's absence. Uncle Robbie, for some reason or other, wasn't on hand to direct affairs yesterday. The fault may also be attributed to gummy signals. But it looked like mental negligence and sudden cloudiness of the gray matter more than anything else.

Carry Starts Trouble  
Max Carey in his second appearance at bat, walloped his second hit to left field to open the fourth. Southworth Cutshaw homered a hit into right. Tommy Griffith holding Carey to second by neat fielding. Barbara slashed a hit to centre. Carey scoring and Cutshaw making third. Nothing to complain of yet.

But at this point came the break. Newolson, who had replaced Fred McDwitt at first base after the latter had been summarily ejected by Umpire Klem because of his (McDwitt's) insistence that he (Klem) had no business calling strikes when it was quite obvious that he was blind—as we started to say, Nicholson tapped to Smith. Sherrod picked up the ball and looked at third, then at first. Finding everything O. K., he suddenly wheeled and shot to second.

Olson and Johnston stood on each side of second base, watching all the above proceedings, and were dumfounded when the ball went whizzing between them and into centre field. Cutshaw scored on the play and Barbara reached second. Then followed another. Terry slipped one at Koney, who hurried to Olson, forcing Nicholson. While Ivy was looking the ball over Barbara kept hustling along and dashed safely across the plate.

Lee hit to Ward, who kept the pot boiling by booting the sphere.

Even the Pitcher Hits  
Smith decided to take a hand in the merry whirl and tossed one up to Miller. The Pirate pitcher crashed the offering into right for a double, and two more runs came over. Bigbee ended the thing by hitting to right. In no other inning was Smith bothered to any extent. But the five-run lead proved too much with Miller slinging so effectively. The few hits made off the visitor came in two clusters and were responsible for the two runs. Zach Wheat started the scoring each time with a vicious clout.

Smith's first contribution was a swat to centre in the fifth. Meyers' single advanced him to third and he tallied on Koney's out. In the seventh Zach led off with a drive down the right field line, and to third when Terry fumbled Meyers' grounder and scored while Meyers and Koney were being doubled. Terry to Cutshaw to Nicholson.

The score:  
PITTSBURGH (A. L.) BROOKLYN (N. Y.)  
Pirates, 5; Dodgers, 2.  
Runs, 5; Hits, 10; Errors, 2.  
Batters: 35; Pitchers: 11; Balls: 100; Strikes: 127; Left on base: 13; Time: 1:50.

William Wallace, Brooklyn, out in 7th.  
H. A. Linton, New York, out in 7th.  
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There is no doubt that the ownership of the Cleveland Baseball Club will be another matter which will be looked into by the board of directors. It will be a busy and an interesting session, unless Boisterous Ban can explain and apologize himself out of the hole into which he has fallen.

## Wallace Leads on Public Links; Former Caddies Not Eligible

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## Wonder What "The Thinker" Thinks About

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I'VE CERTAINLY DONE A BARREL OF THINKING LATELY. THAT OF COURSE IS MY JOB. I WAS CUT OUT FOR IT.

MINE IS A THINKING PART. I GET AWFUL HEADACHES FROM IT. BUT I'M A GAME GUY. THE OTHER DAY—WHY, CAN'T I GO TO WORK? I'M A HUSKY GUY AND COULD WIELD A NASTY PICK AXE.

NOW I WAS JUST DOING A LITTLE OF MY BEST THINKING. THE OTHER DAY—WHY, CAN'T I GO TO WORK? I'M A HUSKY GUY AND COULD WIELD A NASTY PICK AXE.

JUST YESTERDAY I GOT TO THINKING—I COULD PLAY A FINE GAME OF BALL. IT'S A SHAME TO BE SITTING AROUND LIKE THIS DOING NOTHING.

AT THAT I'D HATE TO TELL SOME OF THE THOUGHTS I'VE THUNK. YOU CAN'T BLAME ME THO' FOR SOME THINGS I'M THINKING.

MY RIGHT ARM IS ALMOST PARALYZED. I'VE BEEN RESTING MY CHIN ON MY HAND SO LONG! ALSO I WISH I HAD A FEW CLOTHES ON.

WELL I THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP.

THE WHIZZ BANG SERIES  
So far as we can recall the jovial details, it has never come to pass within the modern regime that two clubs, sole contenders for a pennant, should suddenly be thrown together for a cluster of three double-headers within three days.

This wild and woolly carnival will soon take place in New York when Pat Moran's Reds make a violent assault upon McGraw's savior and attempt to put every one to the sword.

Six games in three days might easily decide a pennant race of this nature six weeks before the curtain skids across the last of the scenery. It should be by every whim of fate the most spectacular clash of many campaigns—a unique turn in a unique game.

McGraw will have Barnes, Nehf, Toney, Douglas and Benton as his five mainstays. Moran will counter with Eller, Sallee, Reuther, Ring and Fisher. The impact should be terrific.

Red Consistency  
Redland has reached her present place without indulging in any sporadic advances and retreats. Moran had his machine ready and waiting when the first game opened. His clan has maintained a steady pace ever since—has shown as tidy a consistency as we recall in major league play.

There has always been balance—good pitching, good batting, steady defensive work. The Red outfit isn't cluttered up with any notable stars, although men like Heinie Groh, Hod Eller and others hold a high place in the game.

From the beginning the Reds have been one of those smooth running machines which testify to exceptional leadership—the type of machine that might easily have skidded and waned with an ordinary manager chewing up the situation.

The Hard-Boiled Egg  
He always makes two bits extract Their value plus a nickel more. He gets his daily paper from The ferryboat or subway floor; His one-way pocket's locked against His speedy friends, or kids who beg A penny lollipop. He's just A hard—by habit—boiled egg.

His mattress, nights, works overtime Supporting him, and pressing pants; No tailor's iron through the years Upon his wardrobe gets a chance. He never hears a barber cry: "Who's next?"—cause once a month at home He cuts his own by clipping round A crazy bowl upon his dome.

When he is anxious to behold A baseball game, or country fair, He seeks a knot hole in the fence And chases kids already there. He never takes a damsel to The theatre; never even blew (When Barleycorn moved in our midst) A crony to a cup of brew.

And so, brothers, ad infinitum. Wherever we go we can sight 'em; Perhaps we belong With the gents in my song. Unknown to ourselves as we slight 'em.

LESTER ALAN TAYLOR.

## Four Pitchers Fail Huggins; Homers Wasted

**Pipp, Lewis and Bodie Hit Hard, but Visitors Hit Harder in Battering Bee**

By W. O. McGeehan  
Unless the Yankees can put the rest of their pitching staff under injunction or restraining orders which will prevent the opposing teams from plastering them all over the lot the Yanks won't have much chance of getting their lead back. A single area worked well with four pitchers. Up to the two Colonels to get their lawyers busy with the other pitchers. The Yanks used up four hurlers yesterday and were beaten out by the Cleveland Indians by the expressive score of 15 to 9.

It was a rather doleful exhibition of the national pastime to those who want to see a good game. The Yankees, the pennant and the fight to make better than two and three-quarters per cent. Jack Quinn started for the Yankees and went badly hurt from the start. Despite this the Yanks gave him a three-run lead, but he went to pieces in the second.

Then Ernie Shore, who has been doing nothing for the Yanks this year but occupying more than a single area of bench at home and a lower berth on the road, went in and lasted something less than two innings. Walter Nease, late first sergeant of artillery, tried it for a while and the Yankees finished with Francis Xavier O'Doul, a springtime wonder in the box.

It wasn't because the Yanks could not hit that they were so pitifully plastered. They hit with avidity and promiscuity. Pipp, Lewis and Bodie coming through with home runs. But the pitching staff seemed to have been torn to tatters for the present. The dependables are worn out and the bench seems to be cluttered with a lot of sore arms and other arms that might as well be sore.

Games Are Drawn Out  
While we are in this depressed and depressing frame of mind let us also rise on our high legs to remark that this American League is taking up too much time with its games at the Polo Grounds. Not that the average fan is pressed greatly for time, but he begins to yawn considerably when the game strings over two hours and a half. Let us continue with the harrowing details.

With one out in the first, Chapman hit to center and Tris Speaker nimbly took a pop. Quinn Smith shut out Pipp, who absorbed a shot. He ball to the plate and Chapman scored. Grady doubled to right and Speaker scored. The Yanks came back batting in the third and drew the rubber. Bagby out of the pasture for the second time in this series. With two out, Baker singled to centre and Lewis hit to right. Terry Pipp the Pickler placed one in the right field and the rubber. Ernie Shore, Pratt shot a hit over short and Bodie got a base on ball. Ruel hit to right and Pratt scored.

In the fourth the Yanks got a couple more. Pipp got a base on balls and was sent to third by a single by Bodie after Pratt had popped out. Ruel advanced a short to the pitcher and squeezed Pipp. Sacrifice. Ruel, Miller, Williams, Grady, double play—Leonard and Judge. Based on balls—off Harper, 2; off Williams, 2. Struck out—by Williams, 2; by Zachary, 2. Wild pitch—Gill. Losing pitcher—Harper.

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